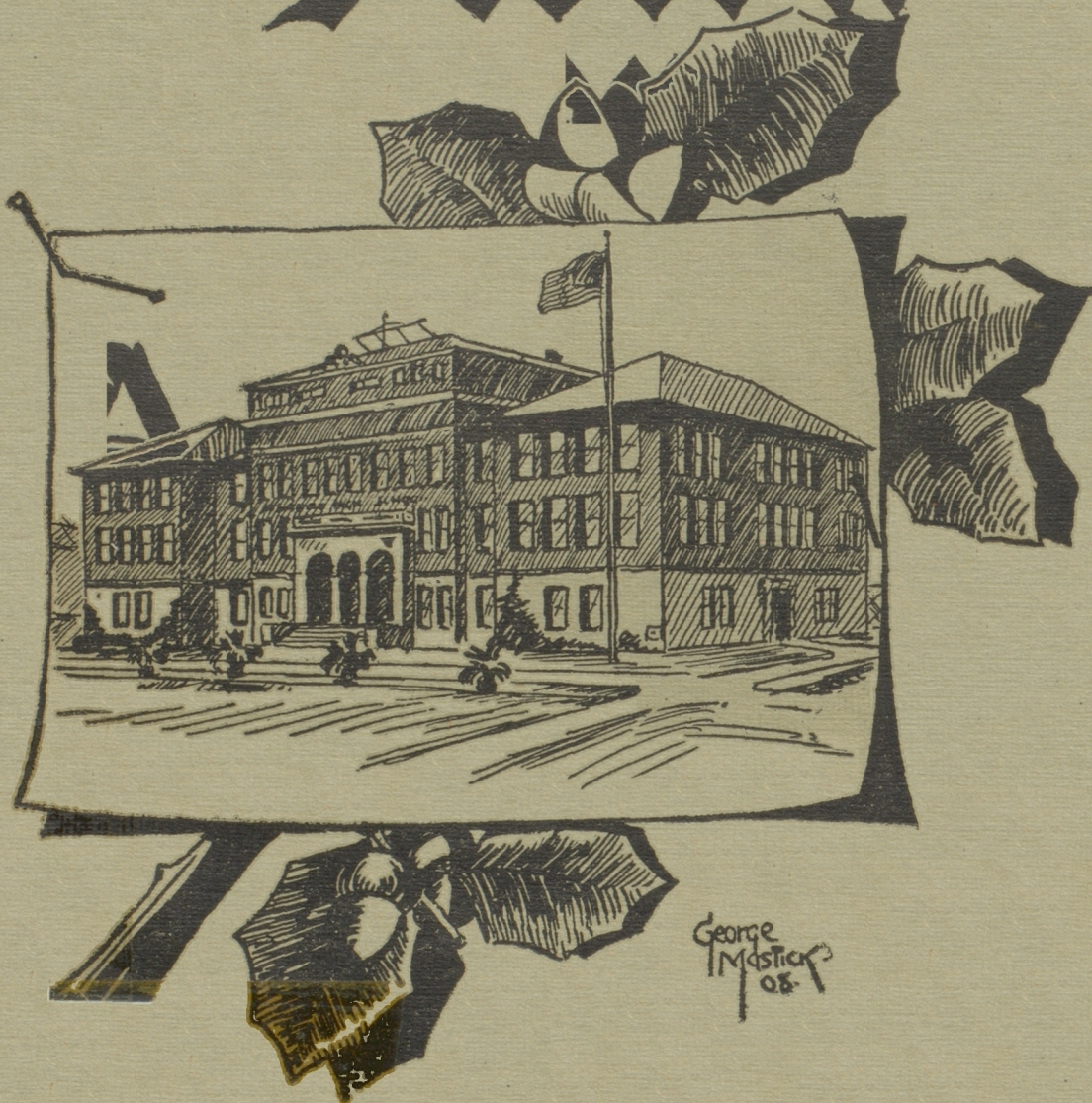
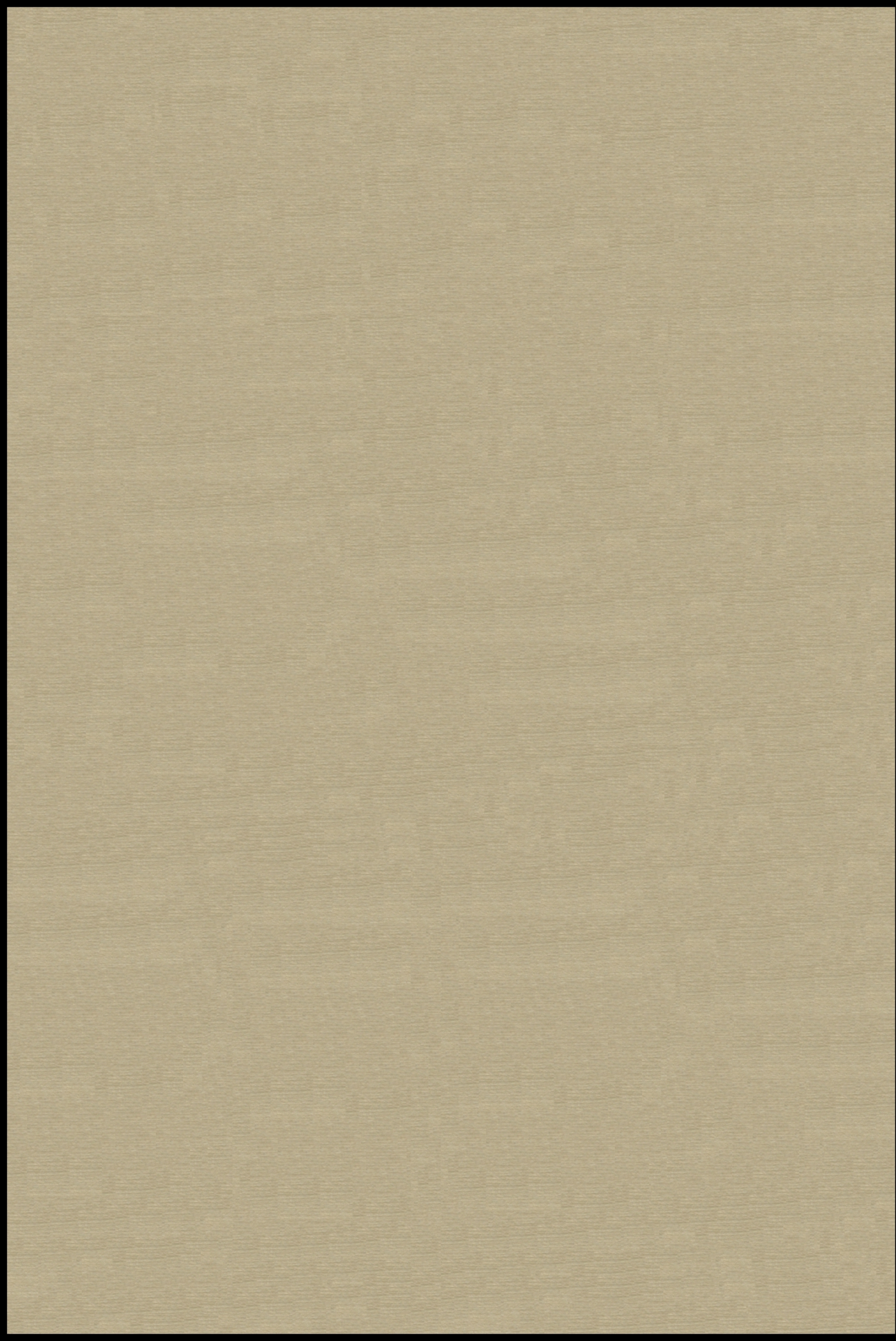


The Acorn



George
Mastick
08



CONTENTS

	Page.
Staff	2
Pug	3
Stung	5
The Bluffer	6
Picture of Cast of "The Chimes of Normandy".....	8
"The Chimes of Normandy".....	9
School Notes	13
Alumni Notes	15
Athletics	16
Debating	20
Exchanges	21
Joshes	23
Ads (please read them).....	27

THE ACORN

Published by the Students of the

ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL

Alameda, Cal.

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Alameda, Cal.

MARCH - - - - - 1909

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Pug

When a person is hot, dusty and discouraged, and when a financial depression has swept over the country and at length reached that person's pocket, it is quite likely that everything will look blue to that identical person. Still, I will swear that Pug's shirt and overalls, if not quite blue, had been that color at one time. And blue shirt and overalls were all that I saw of Pug for quite a few seconds.

It was a day in early Fall, and I was in the condition I have mentioned above, when my steps led me to a sandlot where Pug and others of his kind were playing football. I saw portions of Pug's shirt and overalls at the bottom of a writhing mass of small boy and pigskin, and it was several seconds before I saw more of him. Then, when everyone else had risen from the pile, he also rose, a sun-tanned, stocky little fellow, distinguished from his companions only by a tougher mien and a small stream of red that now made its way down from his nose. This did not lessen his ardor in the game, however, for he still kept in the thick of the fray, winning my approbation not only by his playing, but by his sportsmanlike attitude. He it was who was first off a pile, he who raised the prostrate players of both sides, and he who ordered his fellows to "quit yer crabbin'."

But Pug's side did not win the game. At least, at the end, they had the fewer points. But I judged that Pug had won *his* game, whatever the score, for he was still game when he lost, kept on fighting, and could be most generous to his foes. Yes, he had given me a lesson. Keep on fighting. Don't get sore! Help the under man!

* * * * *

"Fare, please!" I passed my transfer to the strike-breaker who was acting as conductor on the San Francisco car I was riding, and returned to my perusal

of a letter: "Owing to the financial conditions prevalent at this time, and the consequent business depression, we find"—"This transfer is no good."

I looked up with a start, but it was not to me that the carman was talking. My neighbor of the next seat had passed him an over-due transfer. They were discussing it angrily. Finally, the carman ordered the "dead-beat" passenger off the car. The fellow would not move. The conductor seized him by the collar and hustled him to the rear, signaling for the car to stop. They had just got to the platform when the rowdy drew a revolver and fired point-blank at the carman. The bullet grazed his cheek and drew a spout of bright blood. Without giving the man chance for a second shot, the strike-breaker drew his own gun and shot his assailant. He received the bullet in the pit of the stomach, and, sinking back with a groan, toppled down the steps and into the street. A carpenter among the passengers, a union sympathizer, raised his hammer and threw it at the carman. The hammer missed him. The conductor leveled his gun and fired. The bullet tore through the fellow's arm and he was borne off the car. It was a sickening sight, but I did not for an instant blame the carman. Anyone would have done the same in his case. The car was quickly emptied, and a steadily growing crowd surged about the injured men in the street. The motorman started his car, but a portion of the mob pulled the trolley off the wire. The conductor replaced it, and then, staggering inside, weak from his wound, collapsed on a seat. A policeman came up, none too hurriedly. He boarded the back platform and again the car was started. It went only a few feet. The crowd pulled the trolley off. The one policeman was powerless. Steadily the mob grew larger and more threatening. It seemed that the car must be stalled and broken up. But a small figure ran out, almost between the legs of the ring-leaders of the violent mob. He did not seize the trolley rope, but clambered to the top of the car, mystifying both mob and policeman. But his purpose was quickly apparent. He caught the rope and jerked it to the top of the car, out of the reach of the tallest mob-leaders. Then he replaced the trolley, and the car started and moved out of danger.

I saw Pug later. He was not reticent concerning his deed. Remember, he was only a small boy. He said: "I hated to help the scabs, but some one was goin' to get killed pretty quick. Those two fellers hadn't a chance with that crowd. Did y'see the way I had that gang buffaloed? Some class, heh?"

WM. WIELAND.



Stung

"Guess it's up to you, Jake!"

We were sitting around our fire of pine logs in the mountains of Siskiyou County. Each of us took turns at telling yarns.

"Well, I've told you boys all my stories, I believe. Oh, there is a little adventure that I had with a bear up in Del Norte County which you haven't heard about.

"I had been out hunting all day, without securing more than two squirrels and a meadowlark, and therefore was very tired of the peaceful life of a hunter. So about four o'clock I started to return to camp. To test the accuracy of my eagle eye, I discharged all but three of the bullets from my trusty 30-30 at a sign which said, "County Road. No shooting allowed. Beware of arrest." Entirely satisfied with the performance, I drew forth my never-failing Colt, and was in the act of firing the last of its cartridges, when the constable hove into view. Naturally, I ducked under the bushes, and was soon wending my way "cross country" towards camp. More from habit than from any hope of seeing tracks, I watched the ground.

"Was I mistaken? Surely! No, there certainly were imprints of a bear's feet. As the size of the marks indicated large feet, I concluded that a big bear must have passed by. The tracks were very fresh, and therefore I thought it would be worth my while to follow them, even though my supper must be almost ready. I ran quickly, and softly, beside the path of the bear, and it was not more than fifteen minutes before I caught sight of Old Bruin himself, enjoying the warmth of one of the last rays of the sun, on the opposite hillside. I followed more quietly. There had been a recent shower, so my moccasins made little noise. I was able to creep up to within twenty yards of my intended victim, before he spied me. Just then my 30-30 came quickly to my shoulder, and spoke twice. To my great amazement, instead of falling down and dying, as a bear should do under those circumstances, Bruin turned after me. He was bleeding freely from two wounds near vital parts of his anatomy. Instead of returning the complement, and turning upon him, also, I turned to look for a tree. The nearest one, except those near my pursuer, was about a hundred feet away. I made for it, without much hesitation.

"As I reached my goal, I turned to fire again. The trigger went down all right, but the bear didn't. The tree was all that was left. Fortunately, its branches were low. Throwing my empty gun upon the ground, I swung myself upon the lowest branch. I glanced up to see the distance to the next limb, and instead saw a hornets' nest hanging above me. Bruin had nearly reached the tree. I must get to a position above the nest, some way or another. So I swung around to the opposite side of the tree, pulled myself up on a limb, and by repeating the performance, was soon above the nest. The bear was at the bottom of the tree, and, not to be foiled in such an easy manner, started to climb up the tree also.

"When he had arrived as near to the abode of the hornets as I thought he was likely to, I pulled out my Colt's revolver and fired into the nest. Immediately there was a buzzing of several thousand insects. They came out of the nest by the hundreds. Of course, their wrath naturally turned to Bruin. They swarmed around his head and caused the brute to go nearly mad with pain. He fell from the tree, and ran, still pursued by his relentless tortures. As soon as I thought it safe, I jumped down, and picking up my Winchester, started home.

"The next morning we all went to the scene of the encounter, and a few hundred yards away, found the bear lying dead in a pool of blood. My first bullet had done the work, although the hornets had helped, as was evidenced by his swollen head. The skin is now before my library fire."

A. HEATH ANGELO.

The Bluffer

The Bluffer, beloved by her classmates, on fairly good terms with her teachers, sat smiling and happy in her allotted seat. Her dark curls bobbed merrily, her eyes danced. She was in great glee talking across the aisle to one of the Tom, Dick and Harry tribe. She confided an all-important fact—namely, she hadn't even glanced at her history lesson. Then with a bewitching glance, showing her dimples, she besought his aid in the time of stress to come. He, being human and quite susceptible, promised to lend his rather questionable support when he heard Miss Betty's name called.

The teacher banged the bell by way of letting the class know he was ready for business. Miss Betty assumed a look of great sagacity and gazed attentively at the teacher. He, on his part, glancing down the aisle in front of him, espied a young miss trying to get her plump self behind the skinny shoulders in front of her. Well, she might have known better, thought the adorable Bluffer. Of course the teacher called on her first, and equally of course, she flunked flatter than a flounder. The owner of the skinny shoulders in front of her knew the answer, and gave it with a manner that would have caused Anthony to have some doubts as to his delivery of Caesar's "funeral oration."

Several others having been called upon, and reciting on the whole, rather successfully, Miss Betty began to wear a look of blissful content. The teacher was calling alphabetically. She, lucky mortal, was in the "T's" her name being Thornton.

But alas for her complacency! Scarcely believing her ears, she heard in stentorian tones, "Elizabeth Thornton." She didn't know what the question was, and was utterly at sea. Matters would have been simplified if she had had a faint idea of what she was to talk about. So much depended upon her history recitations, too! She glanced appealingly at her friend across the way, but he, foolish boy, blushed guiltily and shook his head. He had been improving (?)

his time studying natural history as he saw it in Betty's face. In despair, she arose, coughed slightly, and as someone shook his head violently with an affirmative nod, she said bravely, "Ah-er, yes, I entirely agree with the author on this subject. His ideas are so true in this respect. Really wonderfully clear." The history instructor looked at her interestedly over his gold-rimmed spectacles, and much encouraged by what she read in his eyes, Betty went on—She didn't know when the historian and she were of the same opinion to such an extent before. Someone snickered out, "Great minds run in the same channel, you know." The wit was properly squelched by a look from the professor. Then he spoke, "Really, Miss Thornton, pardon my asking, but what has the fact of your agreement or non-agreement with that worthy man, the compiler of this history, got to do with my asking you if you were in a draft?"

Amid a roar of laughter, the thoroughly discomfited Betty, her love of bluff fast ebbing, sat down in her seat. For once, she, the Bluffer, was at a loss for adequate expression.

STEPHENIE SNOW.

Mary had a little mule,
Which often followed her to school;
The teacher said he broke the rule,
And got behind to soak the mule,
And for six months there was no school.—Ex.

* * * * *

Mr. Murphy to another Irishman—Have you ever read *Romola* by George Elliot?

Irishman—No, I haven't had the pleasure of reading it.

"Have you ever read 'The House of a Thousand Candles?'"

"No, sir."

"Well, have you ever read 'Looking Backward?'"

Irishman—Sure and how could I?





CAST OF "THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY."

"The Chimes of Normandy"

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Serpolette	Ada Nason
Germaine	Alice Davis

Village Maids:

Gertrude	Edna Hickok
Jeanne	Pauline Smith
Manette	Alice Teller
Suzanne	Marjorie Emmons

Henri.....	Henry A. Kassebaum
Jean Grenicheux.....	Alvin Maze
Gaspard.....	John T. Coyle
The Baille }	E. Seagrave
Notary }	

CHORUS.

GIRLS

Maratha Goldbaum
Emily Cohn
Margaret Dennison
Eugene Vaughan
Ruby Standeford
Helen Burger
Veda Wood
Lola Wood
Winnie Robinson
Laura Van Buren
Ruth Cadman
Hazel Naylor
Florence Copeland
Winifred O'Brien
Mabel Wagner
Marie Chucovich
Bernice Brooks
M. Courtney
Ruth Allen
Stephenie Snow
Jean Benedict
Beatrice Morseman

Rachel Ruddell
Ethel Parker
Valerie Berlin
Ethel Fulton
Florence Fulton
Rita Johns
Lelia Letson
Anna Van Fleet
Erma Whitman
Helen Harsch
Hazel Hurlbut
Gertrude Hurlbut
Florence Sacket
Valerie Foveaux
Jeanette Lechner
Edith Killiam
Mabel Munthy
Ruth Edinger
Edna Eastman
Jeanette Painter
Ethel Murray

BOYS

Irwin Culver
Leslie Newman
Wilfred Traphagen
Willie Dunlop
R. Sharpstein
Bertram Bronson
Clarence Woodin
Richard Allen
Harry Adams
Claire Seagrave

H. Christiansen
Spencer Mastick
Tim Perkins
Valgine Case
Fred Thompson
Lawrence Ives
William J. Carney
Wilbur Morrow
Grover Wendlane
Ted Becker

On the evenings of the 11th, 12th and 13th of February the students of the Alameda High School added glory to themselves and their school by their able presentation of that well-known opera, "The Chimes of Normandy." It was by far the most difficult piece of work which the school has ever attempted to do, and it may truthfully be said, that they did it in a way that has never before been equaled in Alameda High, nor surpassed in any high school. We have staged a countless number of excellent plays, usually three or four each year, but the production of "The Chimes of Normandy" easily eclipses any of these past performances, in both singing and acting. It would be exceedingly hard to find a single fault, or pick out a single flaw, in the way the opera was presented. The keen interest of the audiences on the three successive nights, the many calls for repetitions of the songs sung by both the principals and the chorus, the numberless expressions of praise, spoken by all who saw the opera, and the comments of the press, show that the opera was received with great enthusiasm by the general public.

Too much praise could not be given to Fred W. Carlyle for the able way in which he directed the production of the opera. In his hard, earnest, and incessant labor, and in the great interest that he took in his work, may be found the true secret of the immense success of "The Chimes of Normandy."

To the cast, too, belongs an equal amount of honor and praise, for all, without a single exception, worked earnestly and incessantly to make the production of this opera, the grandest thing ever accomplished by the High School. And their work showed it. All, without exception, carried out their parts perfectly, and their work was not only an immense revelation to the public, and to the remaining students, but to their coach as well.

Just a few words about the principals. The two who were able to display their talent to the best advantage were Miss Alice Davis and John T. Coyle.

Miss Davis, as Germaine, had a part in which her beautiful, sweet, rich voice played a most important part. Her singing was exquisite and time and again the audience called FOR MORE. Not only her voice, however, made her popular with the audience, for in her costume she looked as pretty as a picture, or prettier, perhaps.

John Coyle, once more, showed that he is the possessor of most extraordinary ability as an actor. He took the tragic part of Gaspard, an old miser. This part is by far the most difficult one that any Alameda High School student has ever undertaken. And it was simply astonishing to see the manner in which Coyle played it. He certainly is a wizard.

Miss Ada Nason, as Serpolette, displayed the qualities of a very talented actress. She, also, had a difficult part, and she interpreted it perfectly. Her singing was excellent, too.

The school has discovered a very welcome addition in the tenor voice of Alvin Maze, who took the role of Jean Grenicheux, a young fisherman. His acting and singing made him very popular with the audiences. It is safe to assume that Alvin Maze will be heard in future operas and plays which the school gives.

THE ACORN.

11

Henry A. Kassebaum, as Henri, The Marquis of Corneville, was as excellent as he always is. His songs and his acting pleased his listeners, and everybody who was present listened, I assure you. Kassebaum has now become an invaluable asset in school plays and operas.

Edward Seagrave, as "The Baille," ably carried on the humorous side of the play. He certainly was the right man in the right place, for he caused continued waves of laughter in the hall by his jokes, a large part of them made up on the spur of the moment.

The four village maids, the Misses Edna Hickok, Pauline Smith, Alice Teller and Marjorie Emmons, did excellent work, and the voices of all showed that their owners must be very sweet.

The chorus was grand. Time and again they had to sing their songs over to satisfy the people. It would be exceedingly hard to find another chorus of sixty-three in any high school who could sing better than this chorus did.

So much for those who appeared upon the stage, but there are a few others who worked as hard, if not harder, and accomplished as much, if not more, toward making "The Chimes of Normandy" a success, who did not appear upon the stage.

Chief among these is Miss Martha Vaughan, who, as musical directress, worked untiringly. The musical success of the opera should be greatly attributed to her excellent work.

The business end was ably conducted by Henry A. Kassebaum, Edwin R. Anthony Jr., and Maurice Kebby, and it is due mostly to their labors that in a financial way also, the opera was a large success. As was announced beforehand, one half of the net proceeds will be sent to the Italian earthquake sufferers.

There is one more person who greatly aided in the production of "The Chimes of Normandy" by his generous help. He is Mr. Frank A. Killiam, a prominent merchant of Alameda. As a favor to the High School, Mr. Killiam managed the lighting department of the opera, and gave much of his valuable time to aid the school. "The Acorn" takes this means for thanking Mr. Killiam for his kind assistance, and congratulating him upon the way in which he managed the lights.

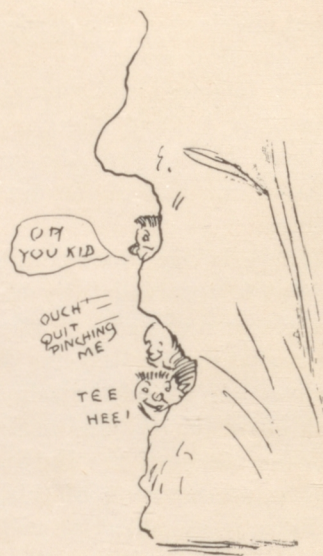
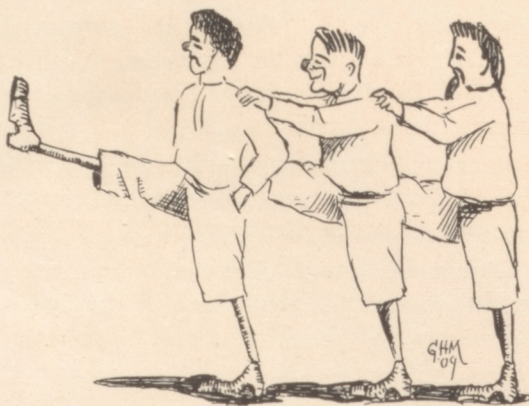
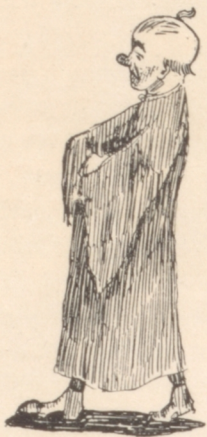
The presentation of this opera has accomplished the following results:

First, it has aided, or will aid, the Italian earthquake sufferers. Although the contribution of our school will be but as a drop in the bucket of contributions which the civilized world has sent to Italy, yet it demonstrates our interest and feeling in the unfortunate neighbors across the seas.

Secondly, it has shown the people around the Bay that the Alameda High School can excel the other schools not alone in baseball and football, but in dramatics as well, and

Thirdly, it has demonstrated to the scholars themselves that they can master the hardest of plays or operas, and that the school now contains actors who, if they ever go upon the professional stage, will undoubtedly achieve great success.

Hurrah for A. H. S.!!!



AND THE BOY NEVER HAD EXPERIENCE

SCENES FROM "THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY."



The Literary Societies.

With the object of promoting dramatics, forensics and literary work of all kinds, in view, each class in the school has organized itself into a literary society. Dr. Thompson has very kindly consented to allow the last period of every other Friday afternoon to be used for the purpose of the meetings of these societies. It is to be hoped that much good will ensue from this practice, and that the literary interests of the school will be materially promoted thereby.

Class Organizations.

The class of June '09, has elected the following officers:

President—Alfred Gelderman.

Vice-President—Marion Troy.

Secretary—Mary De Witt.

Treasurer—Irma Foveaux.

Manager of the "Senior Acorn"—Horace Woolley.

Assistant Manager of the "Senior Acorn"—Alfred Gelderman.

Editor-in-Chief of the "Senior Acorn"—Margaret Kenny.

Assistant Editor of the "Senior Acorn"—Ethel Porter.

Manager of Class Play—Heath Angelo.

The Law Seniors have organized for the term with the following officers:

President—Harry Kassebaum.

Vice-President—Marjorie Emmons.

Secretary—Garner Beckett.

Treasurer—Hazel Cockroft.

Soon after the opening of school the Low Seniors adopted their class constitution, and are now busily engaged in the selection of class pins.

The following have been elected as the officers of the High Juniors:

President—Alice Teller.

Vice President—Dorothy Tisdale.

Secretary—Charles Dodge.

Treasurer—Robert Wolff.

The High Juniors also have recently adopted their class constitution, and are now trying to decide which of a number of samples of class pins they prefer.

Student Body Affairs.

The following are now at the head of the High School affairs:

President—Henry Kassebaum.

Vice-President—Martha Vaughan.

Secretary—Byard Sharpe.

Treasurer—Mr. Westergard.

Executive Committee—The above officers and Dr. Thompson, Marjorie Emmons, Alice Davis, Marion Troy, Edwin Anthony and Charles Baum.

Alpha Sigma.

Eta Chapter of Alpha Sigma began a prosperous new term with a theatre party and reception for several freshmen girls. Five new girls have been pledged, Helen Willkomm, Amy Whitney, Myrtle Henrici and Amy and Bessie Walden, making a list of ten in all, as those previously pledged are Dorothy Warren, Helen Burger, Gisella Haslett, Beatrice Cummings and Constance Van Brunt.

Scroll and Key.

Scroll and Key had an initiation January 23d, and Harriet Figg, Martha Vaughan, Margarito Burke and Hazel Cockroft were taken in.

Delta Sigma Theta.

A theatre party was given at the Orpheum the first of the term, as a reunion of the girls after the holidays, and was enjoyed by all. Lucy Altona, Arvilla Scribner, Hazel King and Maud Sloan have been initiated. A new Chapter has been installed in Oakland High School as Epsilon Chapter.

Omega Nu.

Omega Nu entertained at an informal tea soon after the New Year, in honor of a number of the Freshman girls. The local Chapter has recently initiated Ruby Standifer and Gertrude Traphagen.

The Senior Class is going to have a meeting to discuss "Pins and Dance." Let us hope nothing serious will happen.

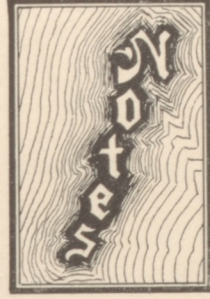
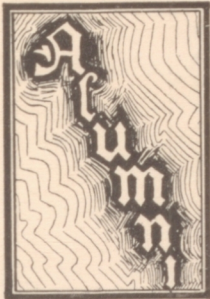
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Mr. Westergard (in Junior B. history)—Mr. Mallon, what do you know about the religion of the English people in the time of Elizabeth?

Mr. Mallon—The religion was already set for Elizabeth.

Mr. Westergard (interrupting him)—Already when?

Mr. Mallon (brilliantly)—Already yet.



Edwin Graff, Wynnie Meredith, Spencer Mastick, Dec. '08, and Margaret Spence, June '08, are back at High School taking a P. G.

Spencer Brush, Dec. '08, has taken a position at Roseville with the Southern Pacific Company.

Meredith Parker, Dec. '08, has taken a position in the city and expects to enter college in August.

Lloyd Burton, baseball captain of '07 championship team, is in town.

Ida Spence, Dec. '06, and Chester Jamison were recently married and are now occupying their pretty new home on Sherman street.

Roberta Haslett is now attending Stanford, having transferred from Berkeley.

Allen Field is at Stanford with the rest of the Alamedans, and has joined the Zeta Psi Fraternity.

Harry Sepulveda, June '07, is out for Stanford track this spring.

Jane Cooper, Dec. '07, has been forced to leave college on account of sickness.

Monte Haslett, June '07, has made the Stanford Mandolin Club.

Leland Scott, June '06, is one of the ablest men out for baseball at Stanford.

Fred Johnson, June '08, is out for Stanford track.

Niell Wilson is out for coxswain on the Stanford crew.

Clarence Sanborn is back at Stanford after a leave of absence.

Genevieve Pattiani, Dec. '08, visited school lately and her visit was enjoyed by her old friends.

Why did the salt shaker?
Because it saw the spoon holder,
The lemon squeezer,
The carpet beater,
And the salad dressing.

* * * * *

Who does Curley Haight?



Baseball.

The baseball season for 1909 has opened, and Alameda's chance of recapturing the championship looks exceedingly bright.

On the sixth of January the '08 baseball squad elected Frank Gay as the captain of the '09 ball team. Undoubtedly, the selection was rightly and wisely made, for during the last two years Captain Gay has done excellent playing for the "White and Gold." In 1907 he held down the left garden in perfect style, and in the final game with Wilmerding, did as much if not more than any other member of the team towards bringing victory to A. H. S., his wonderful fielding bringing him rounds of applause from the bleachers of both schools. Last year Gay played short-stop in an errorless fashion, and ably filled the position of catcher in the absence of MacFarland. Besides being good at fielding, Gay is right there all the time with the stick, and is about the best one on the team in running bases. We all feel confident that Gay will make an excellent captain.

The loss of Spencer Brush and Russel MacFarland, the veteran battery of the last two years, will be keenly felt by both the team and the school. But in Paul Mackie we believe we have an excellent substitute, and a worthy successor of Brush, for a pitcher, for Mackie showed excellent form as an assistant to Brush during the last season, and has kept his arm in trim since then. MacFarland's position behind the bat will probably be filled by

"Young" Mackie. Graff will probably assist Mackie in the pitcher's box. Graff has had plenty of experience in this line, for while attending Lick, he both pitched and caught for that school.

Aside from "Minnie" and "Mac," the infield which we have had for the last two years will probably remain unchanged.

Kiser will in all probability be seen covering the first sack. We all know that Kiser is "there."

Gelderman, the veteran second baseman, will hunt his old position, and should again make good.

Captain Gay intends to watch out for everything that comes near the position of short-stop.

Charlie Murphy will sign up again for the third corner.

The fields will be hotly contested for by Ed. Seagrave, Scott, E. Bruzzoni, Baum and others.

Practice was begun on January 8th, and among those seen in uniform were: Captain Gay, Gelderman, Murphy, Paul Mackie, Baum, Seagrave, Mackie, Elmer Gay, Griffin, Bruzzoni, Dinsdale, Scott, Mastick and Kiser. Since January 8th there have been very few sunny days, and hence there have been an equally few number of practices. But it cannot keep on raining for more than fifty years longer, so we soon hope to see the team out on the field every afternoon.

"Duffey" Lewis will probably coach the team. "Duffey" being an excellent ball-tosser, and well known around the bay, commands the respect of all the boys. Go to it, "Duffey," and turn out a winning team.

Two games have been played by the ball team so far this season, and as the team is just being whipped into shape by Coach "Duffey" Lewis, the playing was not overcreditable in either game. The first tussle of the

The season was with the Lick School of San Francisco. Considering
Lick the earliness of the season, the game was a fairly good exhibition
Game of ball. Among those on our team who acquitted themselves in a creditable manner were Gelderman, Scott, Murphy, R. Baum, C.

Baum, Paul Mackie and A. Bruzzoni. The youngsters who are trying out for catcher's position, "Young" Mackie, "Mick" Gray, and Griffin, showed up very well. The team was handicapped by the absence of Captain Gay, but managed to take Lick into camp by the score of 7-6. This was the first victory of the season. It's not to be the last, either.

The second game was played with Wilmerding. After a few good innings Alameda took a slump, and received the short end of an 8-6 score. The playing of both teams was rather ragged, due, no doubt, to

The the fact that the rain has made practice impossible. The
Wilmerding battery for Alameda was Graff and Gelderman. Graff has
Game plenty of speed, but still has considerable to learn about controlling the sphere.

E. R. ANTHONY, JR.

Latest News.—A. H. S.—1; S. J. H. S.—0. A. H. S.—4; St. Mary—8.

Basketball.

The High School boys are going to try basketball this spring. Among those who have already signified their intentions of turning out are: Charles Baum, Graff, Macaulay, Perkins, Bruzzoni, Siegfried and Kiser.

E. R. A., Jr.

Football.

The one piece of work remaining for the champion football team of last term to do, was to elect a captain for the '09 squad. They did an excellent job by choosing "Butch" Bruzzoni to lead the next football bunch to victory. The "Human Locomotive" will in all probability fill his position in an excellent fashion, and at the same time keep up his reputation of "the best around the bay."

The gold footballs awarded to the members of the A. H. S. football team of '08, as the champions of the A. A. L., were distributed to their owners at a recent meeting of the Associated Student Body.

The silver cup presented to the school by "The Examiner" for the period of one year, as the winner of the football championship, recently arrived and is now on display in the office of the principal. Let us hope that the cup will remain with us always.

Track Notes.

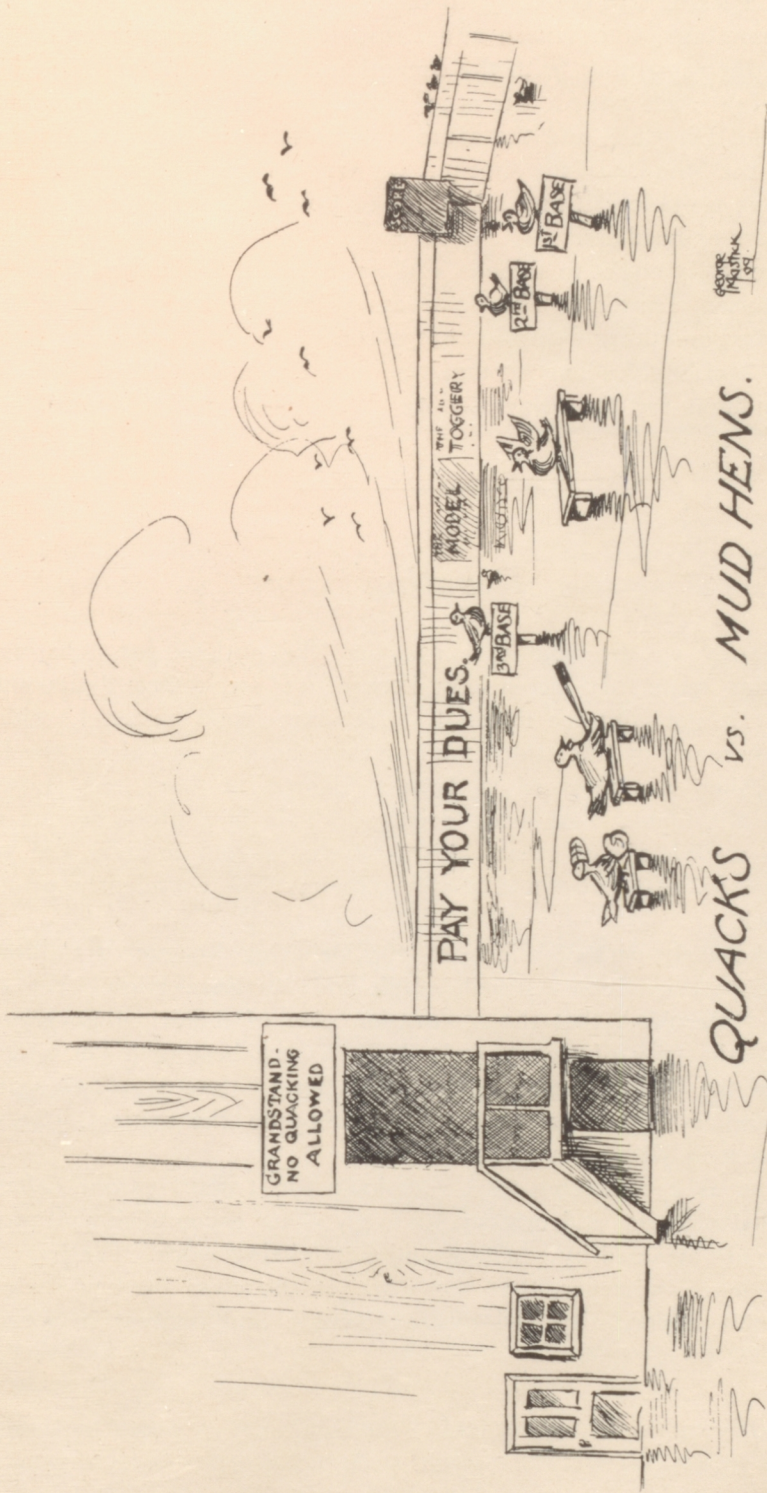
The prospects of the track team are much brighter this term than for several terms past. Not only have the veterans of last year returned to school, but there are a number of new and promising men turning out.

We had expected to have the use of a new track in the "playground" this term, but owing to the fact that the city has four men employed to fix up three parks, they haven't got around to making the track yet, and it's the sand lot for us.

Our particularly weak point or points are the field events and this seems strange, because a track isn't needed to learn to "put the shot," "throw the hammer," and do the jumps.

There are about fifteen or twenty fellows turning out, of these Captain Etter, Macaulay, Thorp, Shattuck and Perkins are experienced runners, while Christensen, Cummings, Siegfried, Dinsdale, Thompson, Daugle, Rosenburg, Searle and Bruzzoni are new men.

Of the veterans, Etter and Macaulay will do the sprinting, and Thorp,



QUACKS vs. MUD HENS.

RECREATION PARK
ALAMEDA CAL.
JAN. 25, 1909.

Shattuck and Perkins will endeavor to take care of the longer runs. Of the new men, Cummings, Christensen and Dinsdale give great promises in the sprints, while the remaining, with the exception of "Butch" Bruzzoni, who is trying the weights, are out for the mile or half. In the high jump we have Christensen and Dinsdale, and the same two with the addition of Macaulay and Thorp in the broad. In the shot-put we have Bruzzoni, Searle and Shattuck. We have no pole-vaulting standards or pole, or hurdles, consequently no pole vaulters or hurdlers.

Where we really ought to shine is in the relay, with Cummings, Shattuck, Etter, Christensen, Dinsdale, Thorp, Macaulay and Perkins to pick from there should be something doing in that event.

Manager McLaughlin has arranged several out of town meets to help get us in condition for the "Bay County" "A. A. L." and Stanford Inter-scholastic.

T. P. '09.

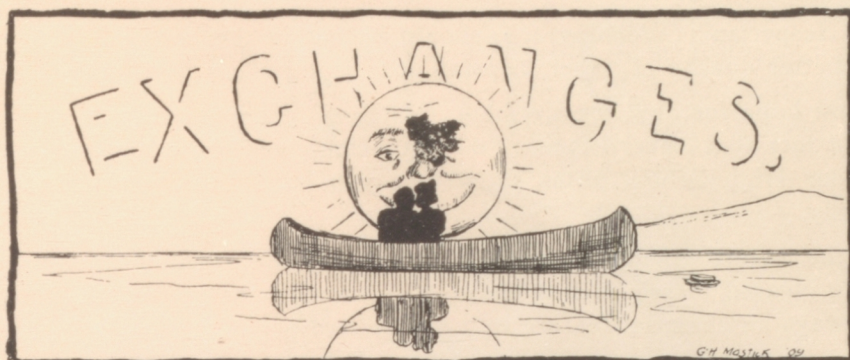
Debating

Unfortunately we are unable to say that the outlook for debating is very bright this term. To be strictly honest, we are rather disappointed. Our complaint is not with the material. We have good material, without a doubt. How many of the students know that the gold medal for the best individual speaker was awarded to Ernest Brown at both the Lowell-Alameda and the Oakland-Alameda debates? This is a proof of our material. What we want, nay, what we must have, is your interest and your support. Give us that and the Debating Society can confidently promise you good work.

During the early part of this term, the Debating League of California scheduled a debate between Alameda High and Martinez High. We sent the question: "Resolved, that the commission plan of municipal government as adopted by the City of Des Moines, Iowa, is the best plan yet adopted by any city in the United States." It was not long before Martinez sent in a default, claiming that they could find nothing on the subject. So our first fight was won without a struggle.

This is not as encouraging as it may look, for it deprives our debaters of much-needed practise, and oratory, as every other accomplishment worth the while, is only attained by constant and unremitting work. We have the greatest confidence, however, that the work of the class literary societies will furnish this opportunity and infuse new life and interest in forensic work.

W. W.



After a glance down the side of this column, "El Gabilan" (Salinas)—but a word to the wise is sufficient. We praise your cover as the most artistic among this month's exchanges.

Did you profit by an exchange, "Guard and Tackle"? (Stockton). You need not consider these capital letters as spelling a fault of yours, at least of the Christmas number. Your material is abundant and interesting. "Tis Christmas" is a fine poem.

Short advice to you, "Purple and White" (Modoc): Cut out those first two pages of ads or place them in back. A few more cuts would improve the general appearance of the paper; otherwise you rank very favorably among other papers.

"Tatler" (El Paso) is an interesting paper. Your cuts are clever and unique. The advice along the side of this column is for you; please give it attention.

"Oracle" from Kern County High School is a well planned paper, with the exception of those first two pages devoted to ads. Your departments are well arranged.

The Christmas number of the "Sibyl" (Riverside) is very attractive. We were especially pleased to see such a fine editorial page; that is a feature that seldom is commendable. You have a bad fault, though—ads in front.

"High School World" (Topeka) will be bound to rank high with such a splendid staff. Your athletic notes are well written. Remember not to place the advertisements in front.

Each department of the "Sentinel" (Los Angeles) is up to the mark and your athletic notes cover three pages. We are pleased to see such well drawn cuts, you even have illustrated stories. Remember the ads to the back.

Be sure to keep the ads off the back of the cover, "Dictum Est" (Red Bluff). We suggest you have an art staff. Your literary material is unusually large.

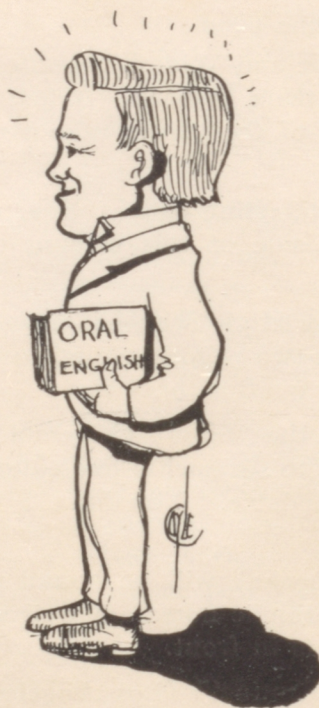
Ads, "Hesperian" (Washington), should be put in the back. Try to secure a better quality of paper to print your material on; that counts a lot.

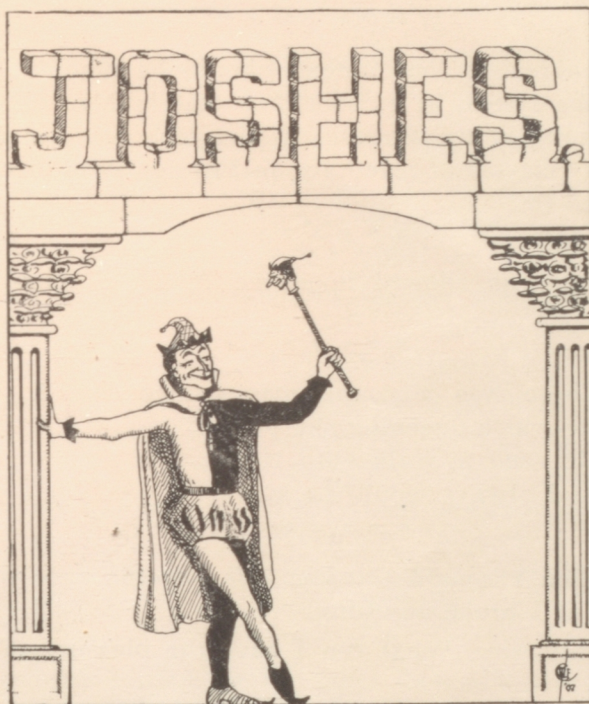
Can you hope for any improvement, "Review" (Sacramento), if you ignore the fact that advertisements do not belong anywhere and everywhere? Your High School notes show that you have an enterprising student body.

Keep the advertisements in back, "Blue and White" (San Francisco). We are pleased to see such a fine quality of paper as you use. Stories are always an essential feature to a well edited paper.

Editor's Note.—We regret not being able to comment on some of our other exchanges, which are attractive and rank among the best of the papers received. However, we were determined to wage a crusade against the common fault of placing advertisements in the front and not in the back where they belong. These papers mentioned above are all in the same category as far as advertisements are concerned. We hope our efforts may bear some good results.

M. DE WITT.





At a recent meeting of the Class of Dec. '10, called especially for the purpose, Harold Brunch was unanimously elected janitor.

* * * * *

Mr. Westergard—Who is absent?

A voice replied—That Manl(e)y girl!

* * * * *

Teacher—Did you get a recommendation in Algebra?

Student—I ain't got no rec in Algebra, but I done went an' got a rec in Grammar.

* * * * *

During the rainy weather a Senior took his lunch at a Park-street cafe. One noon the waiter brought him a steak which he couldn't master. The Senior asked him to change it, but the waiter sadly replied: "Can't do it; you've bent it."

* * * * *

During an ex. a girl said, "Oh, I've forgotten to answer the b part of that question."

Mr. Marshall replied, "Well, people who don't watch out for b(ee)s, usually get stung."

THE ACORN.

Said She—I don't know how to start.

Said Mr. Marshall—Then back up.

* * * * *

Miss Garretson insists that notices should be read in German in her class. Could not the system be extended, so that in Miss White's room they be read in verse form, in the English of Chaucer's time; in Latin classes in Latin; in Chemistry classes in reactions; in Physics, with force; in Geometry in diagrams, and so on?

* * * * *

No duck shooting is allowed upon the A. H. S. tennis courts, or at Recreation Park.

* * * * *

There was a young man named Byard.

He was a queening sharpe.

He used to walk with Hazel,

And always would he spark.

* * * * *

Customer—When I bought this car a few weeks ago, you promised to supply a new part if I broke anything.

Agent—Certainly, sir. What can I have the pleasure of providing you with?

Customer—I want a new pair of ankles, a floating rib, a left eye, three yards of cuticle, a box of assorted finger-nails, four molars, two bicuspid, and a funny bone.—Ex.

* * * * *

"What happened to Pat?"

"He was drowned."

"But, couldn't he swim?"

"He did, for eight hours, but he was a union man."—Ex.

* * * * *

Puns (like Brush used to make).

"Is the buyer in?"

"No; but the cellar is in the basement."—Ex.

* * * * *

"Even a policeman can't arrest the flight of time."

"Oh, I don't know. Only this morning I saw a policeman enter a side-door and stop a few minutes."—Ex.

* * * * *

Receipt for making sealing wax: Try to kill a mosquito overhead with a damp towel.—Ex.

* * * * *

The electric eel leads a shocking life.—Ex.

"There is a woman at the bottom of it," said the man when his wife fell into the well.—Ex.

* * * * *

What is the sweetest planet? The honeymoon.—Ex.

* * * * *

The landlord may be square, but he is always round on rent day.—Ex.

* * * * *

No man can be all right; half of him is left.—Ex.

* * * * *

Before the existence of blackboards, people multiplied on the face of the earth.—Ex.

* * * * *

To be well informed, take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you points.—Ex.

* * * * *

People's toes are like oaks when they bear ache corns.—Ex.

* * * * *

The question is: Did the horseman that scoured the plain use Fairy soap or Sapolio?—Ex.

* * * * *

A fellow drove up behind me the other day, and asked me to drive off the road, so that he and his auto could pass. I asked him why he didn't drive around me, and he said that his auto wheels were tired.—Ex.

* * * * *

"I went to sleep in a wooden house, and awoke in a stone one."

"How was that?"

"Why, the wind blew so hard that it made it rock."—Ex.

* * * * *

Pete Smith—They say that people who marry soon, grow to look alike.

Elsie—Then you must consider my refusal as final.—Ex.

* * * * *

You should not stone your neighbor's dog, but you may rock his baby.—Ex.

* * * * *

An appeal to the understanding—wipe your feet.—Ex.

* * * * *

Many a man thinks he can read a woman like a book, until he tries to shut her up.—Ex.

* * * * *

"Please pass me the Review of Reviews," he said,

The landlady's eyes did flash.

For another boarder looked absently up,

And solemnly passed the hash.—Ex.

THE ACORN.

The High Junior class has a Woodin constitution.

* * * * *

"Twixt optimist and pessimist,
The lookout is quite drole,
The optimist sees the doughnut,
While the pessimist sees the hole."—Ex.

* * * * *

Two in a hammock were sparking one day,
When all of a sudden they landed . . . way sih

* * * * *

Once an Irishman and a Jew while traveling to a certain town in the Middle West came to a place where the road divided. One road went over a hill and the other into a valley to the left. Not knowing which way to go, they asked a farmer which road to take to reach this town. The farmer being something of a wag, said: "Follow your noses."

"But," exclaimed the excited Hebrew, "we wants to go togedder."

* * * * *

Joseph and Mandy were busily raking their garden one Sunday morning when a stranger drove by in his buggy.

"Don't you know it is a sin to labor on Sunday? Don't you know that Christ died to save sinners?" said the stranger to the couple.

"There, I told you so; that all goes of not taking the daily papers. I knew something would happen," replied Mandy in consternation.



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Answer—Spots.

My, what a wind blew when Bill Gale blew into the room!

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If college bred means four years' loaf
(Some people say 'tis so),
Oh, tell me where the flour is found
By one who needs the dough.

THE PITTSBURG ALUMINUM CO.

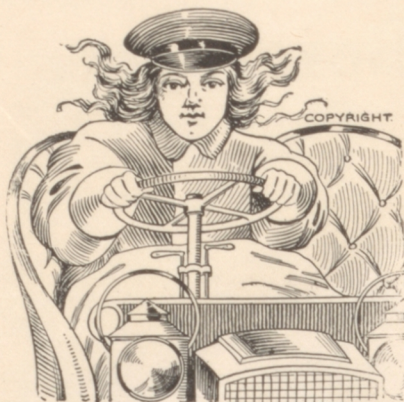
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Translation: Caesar sicked de cat and de dog and I guess he licked him.

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First Boy—Ain't it awful to find a worm in the apple you've been eating?

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Murphy—May I kiss you?

She—Not much!

Murphy—All right; I only wanted one or two.

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Mr. Westergard—I didn't ask for any remarks.
Miss P.—I know it; I volunteered.

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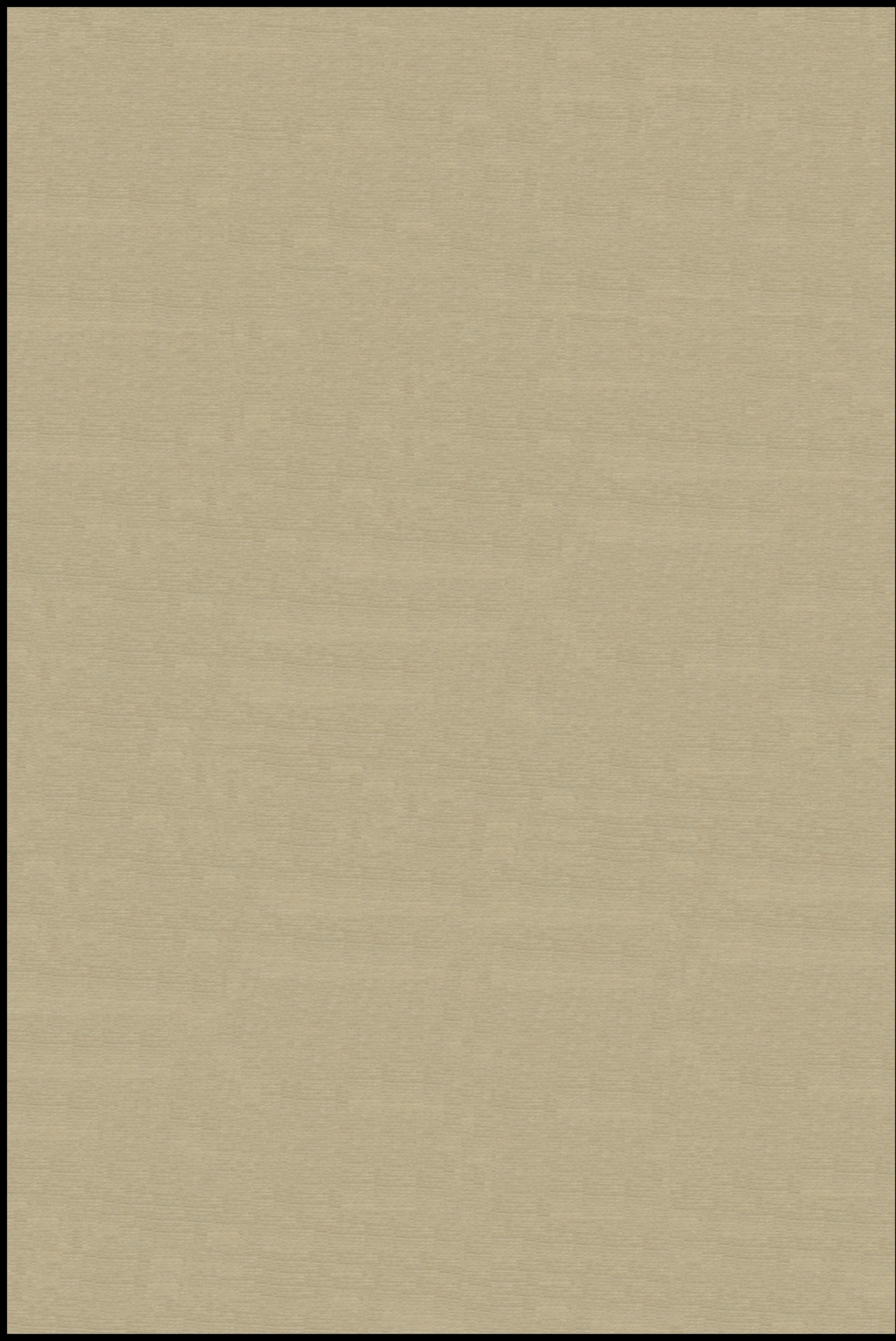
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A Little Talk on Starting in a Business

When starting a business in a new town, no matter how well you may understand the business, you don't understand the town.

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